"I would it had been a tragedy, for my sake, Bir Geoffrey," said one of two gentlemen-a town mouse and a country mouse-who had stood for some few minutes perusing the bill, "It would have afforded us rarer sport."

"Nay, friend," replied the other, "I care not what the players may call their play. Tragedy or comedy, 'tis all one to me. I cry with them. or laugh with them, the rogues, just as they would have me. Yet, methinks, I'd rather be laughing than crying just now. One has not so much cause or reason for merriment in these days. There's nothing like the jesting and the funning, and the coaring merriment that used Things are not as I can remember them. Times are changed, my friend; times are changed. I doubt these players are not the men they were; nor the women neither, for that

"You wrong them, Sir Geoffrey; they are preity players enough; of much the same pattern and fiesh and blood, I fancy, as those who have gone before them. This Knevit, now, is accounted a tellow of parts and promise. He is

not a Betterion, I grant you."
"Nor a Monuo, nor a Hart, I warrant," interposed Sir Geoffrey; "they were players indeed. I remember them well, both of them; and, as a young man, have seen them play many

He is somewhat light in the graver parts of tragedy, it may be," pursued the other; "but in-erease of years will give him weight and dignity. He is but a young man, still he is the most affecting lover on the stage, and a most exquisite fine gentleman. Then he is of very elegant port and handsome person, with a voice of silver-a clear counter-tenor, with a melodious warbling throat and happy elocation. has played havoc with the women's hearts, this There are many tales told about him, gossip; yet none the truer on that score, Sir Geoffrey, that are common talk and town

Well, well, let us see the dog. Do with me as thon wilt, Ned." "He comes of a good stock, moreover. His grandfather longht and bled at Marston Moor, and was held nigh in honor by his master, the

royal martyr. Still, it you would rather that we went to Dorset Gardens-"No: we'll see this Knevit, Ned. If his grandsire fought for the good cause, it is fit that we should clap hands for the grandson, let him play never so vilely. But, good lack, what times are these, Ned, when a gentleman of family consents to figure on a public stage!" "We must take the times as we find them, Sir

Geoffrey. "True, Ned, true, But we old fellows can't kelp looking back at the past; we've but a brief span of life to look forward to, you see, Ned. You'll be doing much the same at my age, though you've many a long year to jog through before you arrive at that. I pray they may oe happy years to you, good friend. But you'll count me a gloomy old not to be talking in this preacher fashion. We'll to dinner at the Three Tuns, and crack a bottle of the best; nay, two bottles, if the drawer can give us a good account

of his Burgundy."
"And then, if your humor lasts, Sir Geoffrey, we'll to the theatre, to see pretty Mrs Askew and George Knevit."

"Ay, lad, we'll to the playhouse. Since this troublesome lawsuit of mine has brought me to London, and keeps me here, I must see what I may, and so have wherewithal to amuse them in relating my adventures when I'm safe back among my dear ones at the old house in Wiltshire again. My eldest wench, Mistress Deborah, charged me to keep my eyes open, and take note of the fashions and the new modes in London, and give a good account of the same to her when I got home again. She'll tease me with question upon question as to this and that: she's never tired of listening to news of the town. A shrewd, forward jade, tall of her hands; yet a winning and a good girl too, Ned, with her mother's eyes and her mother's smile, God bless her!" The country mouse who thus delivered him-

self was one Sir Geoffrey Lyddal, a Wiltshire baronet, somewhat advanced in years, with whom visits to town were matters of rare occurrence, and who was in London now but for a few days by reason, as he had explained, of certain legal business that he had on hand. His companion, the town mouse, was Mr. Edward Hervey, of the Middle Temple; a young gentleman who set up for being something of a wit-not so much among wits, perhaps, as among Templars—who claimed to be a critic of plays and players, books and poems; took his seat in the pit night after night, with much regularity and gravity, as though he were in some sort a judge upon a bench, about to condemn or to acquit according as the merits or demerits of the case to be brought before him might seem to require; and who, moreover, was inclined to pride himself upon his acquaintance with the town and its doings, its tattle and scandais being rather a spectator of than a sharer in its malefactions, however. Not that it would have been distasteful to Mr. Hervey to have imputed to him a knowledge of the current naughtiness of the times, derived as much from its inside as from its out, from personal experience as from disinterested contemplation. In Mr. Hervey's day vice was rather gentlemanly than not. And to be always looking on, and never taking part in the proceedings of the world of ton and quality, was to be something like the timid speculator, who, incessantly studying and vexing himself concerning the doings in the money market, yet abstains from risking an investment, nowever insignificant.

Sir Geoffrey expressed his approval of the treatment he received from the host of the Three Tuns in Shandois street. He pronounced the dinner admirable, the Burgandy excellent. He demanded a second bottle, and tendered his thanks to the landlord for his attention.

"Whom have you in the next room, drawer?" he inquired of the watter. Sir Geoffrey's attention had more than once, during his meal, been arrested by the noise of loud talking and laughing and boisterous revelry proceeding from an

adjoining chamber.
"In No. 7, Sir Geoffrey!" said the waiter.
"The young Welsh baronet, Sir Owen Price, is entertaining a party of his triends." "Ay, ay; Sir Owen Price," repeated Mr. Her-

"Ay, ay; Sir Owen Frice, repeated Mr. Her-vey, with a sagacious air.
"A noisy party," continued the waiter;
"they'll be breaking heads anon, I fear.
They've begun by breaking bottles. The house
would be better without such customers—such a mad, roystering set as they are! They scare away honest and peaceable folks with their oaths, and their brawling, and their drunkenoaths, and their brawling, and their drunkenness. They'll be doing grave mischief before
long. Already they've a long account to pay
for smashed glasses and shattered platters.
But Sir Owen is a man of property; he must
have his will, I suppose; and he pays his way.
We can't show such a customer the door?

We can't show such a customer the door."

"He'll mend, man, he'll mend," said Sir
Geoffrey, charitably. "We must make allowsnee for the heat of young blood." And then,
the waiter having quitted the room, he deowen, Ned."

Owen, Ned!"

"Ay: I've heard tales of him, and seen him at the theatre," Mr. Hervey replied, rather evasively; and he lowered his voice mysteriously as he continued, "Tis said of him that he is the lover of the Mrs. Askew whom we are to see

"The jade," said Sir Geoffrey: "will nothing less than a baronet content her ladyship? But it has ever been the same with these player women. They are true daughters of Moab, as the Puritans often said of them."

"Now, this Mrs. Askew has borne a good repute hitherto; and there is little known against her now for a certainty. She has even been scolled at for her prudery; and while she before is but simple clay, for all our faith in it has kindled many a flame, is said to have remained lee-cold herself. Such is her triends' account of her. Hall the theatre have been her lovers; yet none could boast that he had been more lavored than his fellows. The story of Sir Owen's success may not be true, but set afloat by nome rejected suitor in revenge for his own by some rejected suitor in revenge for his own

disappointment "
"We'll hope so, Ned. The players have little
character to spare. We will not rob this poor
character to spare. character to spare. We will not rob this poor creature of her's until the case against her be fully proven. And now let us discharge the reckoning, and move on to the play-house."

The party in No. 7 were also breaking up.
Sir Owen Price was calling aloud for coaches or chaits for his triends. As Sir Geoffrey and Mr. Hervey descended the stairs, the Weish become two heavy talking average.

baronet was heard talking angrily. "It that scoundret Knevit dares to stand between me and Mrs. Askew, let him look to it! say, let him look to it! One way or another 'll be even with him, the dog, let who will try

Well spoken, Owen," said one of his friends. "Major Moxon's voice," Mr. Hervey whispered to his companion. 'Whom is he threatening?" asked Sir

"Knevit, the actor. He is Mrs. Askew's play-fellow; and is said, if any one has, to have won her love—I know not with what traft. There has been much tattle on the subject. I will tell you more of it anon. There is a story thereanent that is worth relating,"
"These players!" Oh, these players!" mur-

mured Sir Geoffrey. They proceeded on foot to the theatre in Lin-coln's-Inn-helds, and tooktheir seats quietly in

"Will the King be here to-night, do you think, Ned?" asked Sir Geoffrey, giancing

towards the pexes,
"The King! Of what are you thinking, Sig Goodley? He never sets loot in a theatre." "I forgot, I torgot. Times are changed. Perhaps he does well to hide his grim nut-cracker face at Hampton and Kensington, and such outlandish piaces. The players must speak High Dutch for him to understand them. Our English tongue is thrown away upon him. 'Hush, hush, hir Geoffrey," interposed Mr. Hervey, looking over his shoulder apprehen-

"Nav. man I care not who overhears me. I wish King William no harm. But I can't for-get old times. I've seen in those boxes, when Sir William Davenant was manager, his most gracious Majesty King Charles the Second, with his Queen and the Duke and Duchess of York, attended by all the rank and beauty of England -it was a sight worth seeing-with my Lady Castlemain and Mistress Eleanor Gwyn glaring at each other from different sides of the house, as though ready to pull caps or begin a scratching match at a short notice. An, Ned, those

were times to live in."

Mr. Hervey was possibly a little wearied by the irequency of his iriend's references to the

"I would we were to have a tragedy in lieu of this comedy," he said again, as he studied his

"Let us be content, Ned." said Sir Geoffrey; warrant the rogues will do their best to "But the story I promised to tell had reference to the tracedy in which Knevit and Mrs. Askew last appeared. We might have had some

repetition of the scene to-night." "Give me the story, Ned. 'Twill pass the time till the music begins," "You are aware. Sir Geoffrey, that the players

who appear as lovers on the stage do not always bear themselves so tenderly towards each other behind the scenes ?"

"Doubtiess that is true, Ned." "Well, last night was performed the late Mr. Otway's beautiful tragedy of Venice Preserved, than which, I think, a timer work does not exist in the drama of the country. Shakespeare has not its equal in patnetic beauty and elegance of diction: he is content with a vulgar delineation of the passions. Well, Knevit was the 'Jatlier; Mrs. Askew the 'Belvidera,' But they played together less happily than usual. There seemed some want of agreement between them. The lady's warmth sprang rather from her anger than her love. She glared resentfully when she should have gazed tenderly; a baleful fury stood in her eyes when they should have been streaming with tears. And 'Jaffier' seemed rather to mock her sorrows than to pity them; at least so the spectators judged the performance. We arrived at the fifth act; and when, after she had said, 'Bequeath me something-but one kiss at parting,' the lovers ran to each other's arms, 'Belvidera' was seen to fairly bite her ford upon the check in fieu of kissing him 'Jaffier' could scarcely finish his part, he smarted so with the pain."

Sir Geoffrey laughed heartily at this narrative. "The dog must have vexed her sorely, I doubt not. Very likely he deserved all she gave him. Though to bite a man's cheek, the vixen! It might have been a serious matter. A lovers' quarrel, I suppose; but it was sadly out of place in Mr. Otway's tragedy. I know the play. 1 saw Betterton and Mrs. Barry in it, years ago. And I cried like a child, I remember."

At the back of the play-house, behind the scenes, dimly lighted by tallow candles, amidst much litter of theatrical properties and stage garniture, two of the players were engaged in an earnest and somewhat angry conversation. The one was Mrs. Margaret Askew—splendidly dressed in a pink satin train—the "Leonora" o Mr. Crown's comedy-the other was Mr. George Knevit, the "Sir Courtly Nice" of the evening. The lady was very handsome, though her beauty was rather of a haggard kind. In spite of her rouge, there was a hollow look about her wonderful black eyes. Her complexion—naturally dark, even to swarthiness—was much added and brightened by the candle-light of the theatre. She was still quite young, notwithstanding the rather deep lines upon her face; and, famed for her personal charms and her skill as an actress, was a favorite toast among the gallants of the day. At the present, however, she was hardly looking her best. She could smile most bewitchingly when she chose; but she was not smiling now. She was, indeed, very angry. Her forehead was clouded, and she had been biting her red lips until they were wet with

Knevit was superb in "Sir Courtly's" dress, His Antinous profile looked out from a profuse blonde periwig that reached to his waist. The streaming curls on one side were tossed over his shoulder, after the fashion Kneller's portraits of the men of his time has made famous. coat was of rich green velvet, with broad gold lace edging, and shoulder-knots of scariet satin ribbon. His long waistcoat was of white bro-cade; his stockings, with embroidered clocks, were scarlet, as were the high neels of his Spa-nish leather shoes. His long lace neckerchief was worn in the studious unstudied fashion that had come in vogue since the battle of Steinkirk. A gold-hilted sword, a tall tasselled cane, and a beaver hat, thickly fringed with feathers and thrust beneath his arm, completed the costume of the magnificent for he was to represent in

"You've no heart, George Knevit," said Mrs.

Askew passionately.

"Quite true," he answered, with a sort of gay scorn. "Still, I had one once; as good a heart for ordinary wear as a man need have. I must make shift now to do without it, I suppose. I gave it away—lent it, rather—to a woman who used it shamefully, and returned it, wounded, crushed, bleeding, worthless. No; I've no

You never loved me." "Did I not? And yet I thought I did. And you thought so, too."
"You know you never did, If you had ever loved me, you would not mock me as now you

do."

"The mocking has not been all on my side. Is one to go on loving forever, whatever may betide?" He took snuff with a grand air. "I value this," he went on, tapping his box as he spoke. "Twas given me for gold: I deem it gold; but if one day scratches should come upon it, and make clear to me, past all mistake, that it is but base metal, for all it wears, so bright a lacquer, should I not be a dolor at a

and devotion to it, be sure we find out the fact some day, and topple the thing down from our alter, never to lift it up or bow to it again."

Something of both the manner and the matter of the theatre was in his speech. What wonder Was he not an actor? And then in Mr. Knevit's day all conversation assumed a tone of some-what artificial elevation—being, as it wese, surshe said, with a scared look on her face, "Why?" mounted by a tall periwig, and moving about on high-heeled shoe "If you knew all, George-if you knew all !"

ed Mrs. Askew. "I thank you, mistress, I think I know enough," he said coldly, "And you despise me?"

"And you despise me?"

"I despise myself. It was not you that decived me; I deceived myself. I have but myself to thank that my deception has cost me so dear. And it has cost me dear. Be assured of that," His voice trembled rather as he spoke.

"Try to think well of me, George."
"To what end? Do you want my heart mended, that you may rive it again, as children build up houses of cards for the pleasure of knocking them down? That cannot be. I was mad to think that you were better than the herd among which I found you. It was not your fault; it was my folly that I tried to find a dianond in a lead mine. You stood out for your price; that was all. You were not in truth better than the rest. Nay, let me value rather the reckless wench who lets herself go at the cheapest rate; there may be a grain or so of cheapest rate; there may be a grain or so of heart, of honest liking, in her bargain. There can be none in yours; a glass coach, with footmen to run in tront, and wax flambeaux to attend you; a black boy for your lap-dog, and a plenty of money in your purse! Well, von've found a market; you've received the stipulated price; the transaction's closed. May you never cause to repent it !" "What right have you to address me thus,

George Knevit?" she demanded fiercely.
"The right the love I once had for you has given me. It was a poor thing, doubtless. You thought so; you treated it so. Butpoor as it was, it was a thing you will never know again. Be happy with this boor who has bought you—this sot—this Welsh goat from the mountains! Will you weary first, or will he?" 'How dare you say this to me ?'

"Nay! never scowi, mistress. The fire in your eyes has no terrors for me. You have not to love me to night as in yesterday's play.' With a laugh, he raised his hand to his face "The mark still shows, I fear. I must pile on the paint to hide it."

"I was mad last night!" You good me and torture me, and then marvel that I turn upon you. Your bitterness, your cruelty raise a devil in my heart I seek in vain to lay; and then -and then-my brain whirls, and I know not what I do! It shall not happen again-only be merciful to me, George. Your tongue wounds me like a knife. have had my say, mistress. My tongue

shall wound you no more."
"And—though all is over between us—" she paused as though reluctant to believe that all was in troth over.

"Forever," he said firmly.

"atlil we need not be enemies."
"Why should we be? We are simply players, that is all; followers of the same vagabond trade-now loving, now hating; now swearing votion, now vowing vengeance; players always, our real selves never. If we are ene mies, it shall only be on the stage-just as if we are lovers again, still it only shall be on the stage. For the rest, we are members of the same troupe, bound to be loyal to our manager, to the public, and to each other. Ask my aid when you will—as an actress; I will give it you as an actor. There's my hand upon it. She took his hand with an effort, sighing and

agitated, yet mastering her emotion. 'Is that the first music?" she asked. 'Do I look disordered? Have my tears spoilt my paint? I have to begin the scene. Why, you've forgotten your rings! But you're not

"I left them behind me at my lodgings, by mistake. Never mind; I must play without "What a pity! Stay; wear this, You must have a ring.

"'Sir Courtly' must wear a ring! Remem-ber what you said but now. You're not too proud to accept this small aid from a fellowplayer?

"It does not matter."

"Nay; a bit of tinsel. Where are your eyes? Keep it, George; it fits you." "It's worth nothing. Are you so proud!

Keep it as a pledge of our new contract."
"Well, as you will, mistress." And he slid the ring on his finger.

She was called by the prompter, and tripped on to the stage as "Leonora." A round of applause greeted the favorite actress. "Tis a gay, sparkling, witty soul," said Sir Geoffrey, who, though he would every nowand then pause to remind his companion that the entertainment was singularly inferior to the performances he had witnessed when a younger man, nevertheless appeared to derive more amuse ment from the efforts of the players than any other person in the theatre. He laughed loudly at the humors of the comedy-which were of rather an unrestrained kind-and applauded the comedians with most thorough heartiners. Mr. Hervey, on the other hand, seemed a little apprehensive that his character as a critic might suffer detriment from association with one who, in spite of his lamentations over the past, appeared to find matter to praise in all he saw and heard. For the benefit of the persons occupying the benches near him, therefore, the Templar from time to time delivered himself of many ingenious comments on the actors and the acting. He found reason to consure the redundant grotesqueness of the representatives of the comic characters of the play. "This is not nature," he would say; or. "This is only fit for a droll at Bartholomew Fair;" or, "For what does this fellow take us, that he treats us to such low buffconery?" Mr. Knevit, however, he awarded praise of a high order. "He is no longer Knevit," he remarked; "he is 'Sir Courtly' himself! Observe his insipid, soft civility, his formal elegance of mien, his drawling delicacy of voice, the stately flatness of his address, and the empty eminence of his manners;" and so on. Mrs. Askew, Mr. Hervey thought, was hardly herself on that evening; the part did not very well suit

her, as it seemed to him,
"Sdeath," said Sir Geoffrey, "his a very
mirthful play; and the raps at the Paritans very
pleasant and adroit. I have laughed till my
sides ache."

In the course of the performance a sheht dis turbance occurred. Two gentlemen had passed from the pit to the seats on the stage. The money-taker had objected to admit them without their paying the usual increased price for this accommodation.

"Give me no words, fellow, or I'll slit your nose for you. Let me pass," nawled one of the gentlemen, with an oath.
"I dared not say him nay," the money-taker explained afterwards. "He is a parliament-man, and a roystering, scouring blade, It would be

more than my life is worth to hinder him-in "It is Sir Owen Price." Mr. Hervey whispered such a mood too." to his companion. "In liquor, too, as usual; with his rake-hell friend Major Moxon by his side. I pray we may not have a brawl upon

Noisily, his dress disordered, his wig awry, his eyes inflamed, his face smeared with soulf, Sir Owen Price staggered to his feet. He was pretty quiet for some time, beyond hiccuping pretty quiet for some time, beyond hiceuping occasionally. He gazed round him with him vacant eyes, as though wondering where he was. The gallery tittered a little at the tipsy gentleman, and a wag in that upper region of the house hurled an orange at him, but not with the proper access along the fruit full harmless into the very good aim; the fruit fell harmlessly into the

orchestra.

Knevit was going through his chief scene with
Mrs. Askew. "Sir Courtly" was simpering and
drawling and taking snuff in his most exquisitely coxcombical manner.
"Blood!" Six Owen said, with a sudden start,

to his comrade; "do you mark what the scoundrel wears on his finger ?" "Hush!" whispered Major Moxon; "not a

Maria Carton

word now. 171 sec to it. You shall have your venerance, Owen." Knevit and Mrs. Askew finished their scene

amidst a tumult of appliance.
"Mrs. Askew is certainly not herself to-night,"
noted Mr. Hervey. What was the matter with you, mistress? Knevit inquired of his play-fellow, as they stood in the wings. "How you trembled! How pale you turned! And you missed your cues."
"George, for God's sake, take off that ring!"

"I'll tell you all another time, Mischief will come of your wearing it. For God's sake take it off!" He stood for a moment bresolute, amazed; glancing from her to the ring, from the

"I understand," he said at length, with a flash of scorn in his eyes. "It is a real stone! Fool that I was! I might have guessed as much. It was a present from the Welsh sot, your lover; and you fear lest he should recognize it! You would have me share in the wages of your

shame! Out on you, wanton!"

He tore off the ring from his finger, flung it at her feet, thrust her from him, and turned On his way home, after the play, to his lodg-

ings in Howard street, Strand, George Knevit was confronted by two men. "What would you with me, Sir Owen?" he "I'd send my fist down your throat, vaga-

"I have no quarrel with you, Sir Owen. Let Sir Owen by way of answer dashed his hat in

the piayer's face.
"Coward and brute!" cried Knevit, as he sprung back and drew his sword. "Defend yourseli!" "Nay, a gentleman can't cross weapons with a mountebank, though he may wear the tidismonds in the world," said Major Moxon. "Stand away, sir; you have no share in this

guarrel. It was none of my seeking; but being begun, it shail go on. My blood's up now. Draw, Sir Owen, as you are a man!"

Major Moxon pulled away his friend. "Poltroon as well as sot!" cried the actor.
"Nay, you don't escape me. Sure a blow will kindle your dull boor's blood." And with the flat of his sword he struck Sir Owen on the

"Let me fight him!" bawled the baronet. "Nay, we've a better card than that to play!"
The major whistled. Three men sprang from
the shadow of a doorway. "We cudgel players;
we don't cross swords with them. That's your
man. At him, ye dogs! Don't spare him."
Knevit was surrounded. He sought to defend himself with his sword, but a savage blow broke his wrist, and his weapon fell from his gras p
"Help!—help!—watch!"—he screamed. Sir Owen and his friend made good their escape.

The blows rained down upon the face and head and shoulders of the devoted player. Streaming with blood, he fell in the roadway. "O God, I'm blind!" be said teebly. "I'm dead man. A few more cowardly blows as he lay sense

less on the ground, and his assallants hurried The watch came up slowly, after their manner, recognized the suffering man, and bore him to his lodgings. "They had suspicions," they averred, "as to the guilty persons. Sir Owen Frice and Major Moxon had been seen loitering about, swearing to have George Knevit's blood, They (the watch) knew that no good would come of it all. They said so

George Knevit never spoke more. A skilful chirurgeon was called in; but he at once pro-nounced the case hopeless. The poor player's

from the first."

Wounds were mortal.

He still breathed; that was all that could be said. For the rest, he lay stretched upon his bed, motionless, inanimate, a light napkin hiding the bruised, disfigured, maltreated face: once so handsome!

Mrs. Askew had been sent for, and was admitted to the chamber in which he lay. She was trembling in every limb, white as a ghost, sick with terror and anguish. How she shivered and turned away as she beheld the napkin hiding the Antinous features she was never more to look on!" "I may speak to him ?-I may take his hand?"

she asked laintly.
"Yes, if you will have it so, mistress," said the doctor. "It little matters what is done octor. "It little matters what is done Only don't remove the cloth from his face !

She knelt down by the player's bedside, and took his hand between hers. She trembled his hand was so cold. "If he could only hear me!" she moaned. And the tears streamed down her face. She

was left alone with him. Presently she was moved by a sort of crazy fancy that she would speak to him, even though could not hear her, even though he was

"I have loved you—loved you ever, George. wholly dead to her. she began in a low soft voice: "God knows I have! and you have misjudged me-misjudged me cruelly. Yet it was not your fault, dearest. I ought to have told you all, all, from the first; but shame kept me silent. My father is in prison on a charge of coming. I shrunk from telling you. I teared you would think me also involved in the disgrace, and so, unworthy of your love. When I listened to this dreadful man-this Welsh fiend, this monster, who has brought death upon you, dearest, and misery worse than death upon me—and I did listen to him, yet not as you thought—it was to win him over-ior he is powerful, and has powerful triends at court-to obtain my father's pardon. Was it so great a sin? Could I refuse his presenis? I did not dare. To offend him was to lose all hope of saving my father's life. Yet never, never, George, was I guilty in deed, or word, or thought of the sin you charged me with. For that most miserable ring—I gave it you because I loved you, because I thought its value might cause it to be of use to you some For no other reason, George dearest-for no other reason. Heaven is my witness. Ob, if you could hear me, you would pardon me, know, I am sure you would, my love-my tife-my own dear one !"

As she spoke, she started. The cold hand she pressed in hers seemed to grow less cold— stirred—then ever so lightly and tenderly closed round her fingers and returned their pres

She knew then that she had been heard, and that she had been lorgiven. She covered the hand with her kisses, sought to warm it in her bosom, moistened it with her tears, then fell in a sort of swoon by the bedside of her lover. "The man is dead, stone dead," said the chirurgeon presently, when he entered the room, "For this poor woman, God help her! I think her mind has gone forever."

VIII. "You remember my saping the other night, when he went to the theatre in Lincoln's-innfields, that I wished the comedy had been a tragedy?" said Mr. Hervey to his friend. "Certainly, Ned: you made some such speech, I know," replied Sir Geoffrey.

Well, that comedy had a most tragic and fearful cuding. The same night poor Knevit the actor was attacked and most barbarously murdered."

'So young, so handsome, so accomplished God rest his soul!"
"He was buried last night by forchlight in "He was buried last night by forchight in
the churchyard of St. Clement Danes; many
thousand people attending; all grieving deeply
for the gailant young gentleman. I trust the
villains that murdered him may be brought to
justice. That Welsh baronet and his iriend
Major Moxon are suspected. Sir Owen has
powerful influence; yet I pray heaven he may
not escape! The officers are in quest of him,
but he has disappeared."

"God will find him out," said Sir Geoffrey,

"God will find him out," said Sir Geoffrey, solemnly, "for all his influential friends, let him hide where he may! 'Though hand join with hand, yet shall not the wicked go unpun ished!!"

-Gustav Freytag, the author of "Debit and Credit," and other novels, whose popularity is not confined to Germany, is a candidate for the representation of Erfurth in the North German FINANCIAL.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE LOAN.

PROPOSALS FOR A LOAN

\$23,000,000.

AN ACT TO CREATE A LOAN FOR THE REDEMPTION OF THE OVERDUE BONDS OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

Whereas, The bonds of the Commonwealth and certain certificates of indebtedness, amounting to TWENTY-THREE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, have been overdue and unpaid for some time past;

And whereas, It is desirable that the same should be paid, and withdrawn from the market; therefore,

ction 1. Be it enacted by the Schale and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Penn-sylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby of Representatives of the Comminate and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same. That the Governor, Auditor-General, and State Treasurer be, and are hereby, authorized and empowered to borrow, on the faith of the Commonwealth, in such amounts and with such notice (not less than forty days) as they may deem most expedient for the interest of the State, twenty-three millions of dollars, and issue certificates of loan or bonds of the Commonwealth for the same, bearing interest at a rate not exceeding six per centum per annum, payable semi-annually, on the lst of February and lst of August, in the city of Philadelphia, which certificates of loan or bonds shall not be subject to any taxation whatever, for State, municipal, or local purposes, and shall be payable as follows, namely:—Five millions of dollars payable at any time after five years, and within ten years; eight millions of dollars payable at any time after ten years, and within fifteen years; and ten millions of dollars at any time after fifteen years, and within twenty-five time after fifteen years, and within twenty-five years; and shall be signed by the Governor and State Treasurer, and countersigned by the Auditor-General, and registered in the books of Auditor-General, and registered in the cooks of the Auditor-General, and to be transferable on the books of the Commonwealth, at the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Philadelphia; the proceeds of the whole of which, loan, including premiums, etcetera, received on the same, shall be applied to the payment of the bonds and certificates of in-debtedness of the Commonwealth. Section 2. The bids for the said loan shall be

opened in the presence of the Governor, Auditor-General, and State Treasurer, and awarded to the highest bidder: *Provided*, That no certificate hereby authorized to be issued shall be negotiated for less than its par value. Section 3. The bonds of the State and certifi-cates of indebtedness, now overdue, shall be

cates of indebtedness, now overdue, shall be receivable in payment of the said loan, under such regulations as the Governor, Auditor-General, and State Treasurer may prescribe; and every bidder for the loan now authorized to be issued, shall state in his bid whether the same is payable in cash or in the bonds, or certificates of indebtedness of the Commonwealth. wealth. Section 4. That all trustees, executors, admin-

Section 4. That all trustees, executors, administrators, guardians, agents, treasurers, committees, or other persons, holding, in a fiduclary capacity, bonds or certificates of indebtedness of the State or moneys, are hereby authorized to bid for the loan hereby authorized to be issued, and to surrender the bonds or certificates of loan held by them at the time of making such bid, and to receive the bonds authorized to be issued by this act.

Section 5. Any person or persons standing in the flouciary capacity stated in the fourth section of this act, who may desire to invest money in their hands for the benefit of the trust, may, without any order of court, invest the same in the bonds authorized to be issued by this act, at a rate of premium not exceed-

by this act, at a rate of premium not exceed-ing twenty per centum.

Section 6. That from and after the passage of

this act, all the bonds of this Commonwealth shall be paid off in the order of their maturity. Section 7. That all loans of this Commonwealth, not yet due, shall be exempt from State, municipal, or local taxation, after the interest due February 1st, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, shall have been

paid. Section 8. That all existing laws, or portions thereof, inconsistent herewith, are hereby re-JOHN P. GLASS,

Speaker of the House of Representatives,
L. W. HALL,
Speaker of the Senate,
Approved the second day of February, one
thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven,
JOHN W. GEARY.
In accordance with the provisions of the

above act of Assembly, sealed proposals will be received at the Office of the State Treasurer in the city of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, until 12 o'clock M., of the 1st day of April, A. D. 1867, to be endorsed as follows:—"Proposals for Penn-sylvania State Loan," Treasury Department, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. United States of

America.

Bids will be received for £5,000,000, reimbursable in five years and payable in ten years; \$8,000,000, reimbursable in ten years, and payable in in fifteen years; and \$10,000,000, reimbursable in fifteen years and payable in twenty-five years. The rate of interest to be either five or six per cent. per annum, which must be explicitly stated in the bid, and the bids most advantageous to the State will be accepted. No bid for less than par will be considered. The bonds will be issued in sums of \$50, and such nigher sums as desired by the loaners, to be free from State local and numerical taxes.

State, local, and municipal taxes.

The overdue bonds of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania will be received at par in payment of this loan, but bidders must state whether they intend to pay in cash or in the overdue loans aforesaid.

No distinction will be made between bidders revises in each or overque loans. paying in each or overque loans. JOHN W. GEARY,

JOHN F. HARTRANFT, W. H. KEMBLE, N. B.—No newspaper publishing the above

unless authorized, will receive pay.

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at the Office of the Company. SOLOHON SHEPHERD,

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LEGAL NOTICES.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT FOR THE
CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILEDELPHIA.

Estate of JOSEPH STRACK, deceased.

The petition of CHARLOTTA STRACK, widow of
said decedent, having been filed to retain and hold
of said estate the sum of \$500, in cash, under the provisions of the Act of Assembly of April 14, 1851, and
its supplements, notice is hereby given that the same
will be approved by said Court, on SATURDAY,
March 9, 1867, unless exceptions be filed thereto,
THOMAS K. FINLETTER,
2 28 thsmw 416

ESTATE OF CHARLES WORRELL, SEN. Letters Testamentary in this estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to this estate will make payment, and those having claims will present them for settlement.

5. MORGAN RAMBEY, NO. 229 DOCK Street.

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